

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1915.

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CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY
GREENCASTLE, INDIANA
CAPITAL \$50,000.00

Turkeys

Bring us your Thanksgiving Turkeys and receive the highest prices. Largest car lot shippers in this section.

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Phone 175 and wagon will call and pay you cash.

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**All the Luxury of the
best box spring at 1/2 the cost**



See the "DeLuxe" Bed Springs at
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\$1.00 Round Trip **INDIANAPOLIS** \$1.00 Round Trip
SATURDAY, NOV. 20

VIA

T. H. I. & E. TRACTION COMPANY
ACCOUNT FOOTBALL—Wabash vs. DePauw

Tickets good going on all regular and extra trains up to and including train leaving Greencastle at 12:12 p. m. Saturday, Nov. 20th. Returning, tickets good on all trains leaving Indianapolis Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 20th and 21st. Ample accommodations for all. For further information see Local T. H. I. & E. Agent.

COAL COAL

When these cool evenings remind you that you are in need of coal

CALL PHONE 51

Ask for White Ash lump. Burn the Best. No clinkers. Prices Right.

J. W. HEROD
715 S. MAIN ST.

DEPAUW HUMBLES ROSE POLY, 14-6

**METHODIST ELEVEN CATCHES
SPIRIT OF OLD GOLD DAY
AND TIME AFTER TIME STOPS
THREATENING ATTACK OF
ENEMY.**

TOUCHDOWN HELPS VICTORS

The Methodist eleven caught the holiday spirit Saturday, celebrating Old Gold Day by defeating Rose Poly, 14 to 6. The Engineers fought as never before this season and threatened to win at times, but the DePauw defense always braced and held for downs in the shadows of its goal posts. The Methodist attack also was stopped within the five-yard line on no less than three occasions.

It took a touchdown made by the visitors on a forward pass early in the second period to nerve the Methodists up to their best. On the next kick-off Rowan ran through the entire Rose team for a marker and then placed the local collegians in the lead by kicking goal. The Methodists then became obsessed by a spirit of lethargy, which they did not shake off until near the close of the game, when they marched almost the length of the gridiron and then sent Foote over for the second and final counter. Rowan kicked an easy goal.

Lineup and summary of the Rose Poly game:

| | |
|-------------|-------------------------|
| DePauw. | Rose Poly. |
| Woodruff | Left end... Davis (C.) |
| Northway | Left tackle... Bake |
| Denton | Left guard... Henry |
| Meredith | Center... Floyd |
| Baumunk | Right guard... Woodling |
| Dunn | Right tackle... Barnes |
| Wylie | Right end... Orr |
| Pence | Quarter... Buck |
| House | Right half... Goldsmith |
| Foote | Left half... Graf |
| Rowan, (C.) | Full... Yatsko |
| DePauw | 0 7 0 7-14 |
| Rose | 0 6 0 0-6 |

Touchdowns—Rowan, Foote, Davis. Goals from touchdowns—Rowan, 2. Substitutions—(DePauw), Anderson for House, House for Anderson, Tway for Denton, Ellis for Foote, Lynch for Tway, Anderson for House, Foote for Ellis. (Rose Poly), Miller for Buck, Crapo for Miller, Hauck for Crapo.

Officials—Messick, Indiana, referee. Robinson, Indiana, umpire. Wilder, Purdue, head linesman. Time of quarters, 15 minutes each.

The fire department was called to make a short run about noon today, when they received a call from Crawford restaurant, saying the Bartley home was afire. Mrs. Earle Stroube, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Bartley, saw the electric lights burning in the basement and thinking that the house was afire, became frightened and gave the alarm. One of the boys who is employed in the Crawford restaurant near the Bartley home, heard the woman crying "fire" and sent in the call that the Bartley house, on south Indiana street, was on fire. Owing to the noise in the restaurant and on account of the boy's hurry to give the alarm the call was understood to be the house back of Gardner's on south Indiana street. The fire department made a run to the corner of Parke and Indiana streets only to find no sign of a fire. One of the firemen called the restaurant by phone and learned that the fire was at the Bartley residence. The department made the run to that place and found that the alarm was caused by the electric lights in the basement.

William P. Evans, of Indianapolis, and Miss Racheal Tessa Evans, of Booneville, were here the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Evans over Sunday. They attended the Old Gold Day exercises at the university.

David Bispham
Opera House
TOMORROW NIGHT

SNOW FLURRY AND FREEZE BRING A TOUCH OF WINTER

A snow flurry with freezing weather issued into Greencastle its first winter weather, Sunday evening. The snow began falling shortly after 7 o'clock and continued to fall in quantities for more than an hour. Most of the snow melted soon after it fell but sufficient remained to cover roofs and to be plainly seen on the ground. Accompanying the snow came a decided fall in the temperature. This morning thin sheets of ice was formed on standing water.

VISITING HOURS AT THE METHODIST ORPHANAGE

Miss Angie Godwin, who has charge of the Methodist Orphanage, has announced that the regular visiting days have been arranged. The days will be Tuesday and Thursday of each week. The hours will be from 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock. The Orphanage has received some liberal donations lately and a list of the donations will be published Saturday.

DEATH CLAIMS FLOYD TOWNSHIP TEACHER

The death of Miss Mayme Smith, age 20, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith of Floyd township, occurred at her home Sunday following an illness of six weeks. A complete breakdown, was the cause of the illness which resulted in her death. Miss Smith had taught in the Floyd township schools for two years, having taught last year at the Jacobs school house and this year at the Center school house. Beside her parents she leaves one sister and one brother to mourn her loss.

ONE IS DEAD; OTHER INJURED

**TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS WHO
HAVE PLAYED AGAINST DE-
PAUW THIS SEASON THE VIC-
TIMS—ILLINOIS NORMAL MAN
IS DEAD; WASHINGTON UNI-
VERSITY MAN IS SERIOUSLY
INJURED IN LAST SATUR-
DAY'S GAME.**

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE

Two football players who have played against DePauw University this season met with misfortune in last Saturday's games. Paul Root, of the Illinois Normal, who played on McKean Field, met with injuries that resulted in death, and Charles Wakenman, of Washington University, with whom DePauw played at St. Louis, had his skull fractured. The facts as sent by telegraph are as follows:

CHARLESTON, Ill., Nov. 14.—Paul Root, 18 years old, fullback of the Eastern Illinois School football team, died at 9 o'clock this morning in a hospital here of injuries he received in Saturday's game with the Normal University of Bloomington. He suffered a fracture at the base of the skull in the first five minutes of play, and did not regain consciousness.

At the beginning of Saturday's game young Root was sent through the line for gains several times, and the manner in which he received his injuries is not known, as he reeled and fell as the signals for a new play were being called. He was hurried to the hospital and an operation was performed, but he did not regain consciousness.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 14.—Charles Wakenman, a player on the University of St. Louis football team, was seriously injured in the game with Washington University yesterday. His skull was fractured and his spine injured in a line plunge.

Dr. F. E. Lawton was in Indianapolis today.

David Bispham
Opera House
TOMORROW NIGHT

MOCCASIN TRAIL CASE UP AGAIN

**FAMOUS CLOVERDALE TOWN-
SHIP ROAD CASE ON TRIAL IN
THE CLAY COUNTY COURT
THIS WEEK — CONTROVERSY
OVER THE CENTER LINE OF A
ROADWAY IN WHICH ENTIRE
NEIGHBORHOOD IS ENGAGED.**

CHANGE OF VENUE TAKEN

BRAZIL, Ind., Nov. 15.—Soon after those interested in the Moccasin trail case arrived here from Greencastle, this morning, John H. James, one of the attorneys in the case received a telegram telling of the critical illness of his daughter. In view of the fact that Mr. James would be unable to proceed with the trial of the case Judge Rawley continued the case indefinitely.

The famous Moccasin Trail road controversy, which for the past ten or more years has kept the people of southwestern Cloverdale township in a turmoil, is again up for trial. This time the case is being heard in Clay County, where it was taken on a change of venue.

Beginning in the justice of peace courts in Cloverdale township more than ten years ago, the controversy over the establishment of the center line of this road, which is not more than a lane, has continually been in litigation.

John Bell, a leader on one side, is backed by many of the men who own land along the road. These men are attempting to have the center line of the road established and placed on court record. These men are contending that the center line of the road be established in the center of the traveled way.

In order that this might be done a petition was filed with the county commissioners, asking that the center of the traveled way be established as the center line of the roadway.

William McMains and Daniel Macy, who are making the fight against Bell and his followers, contend that the section line should be established as the center line of the road. They contend that should the traveled way line be established they would lose valuable land, which would be cut off as part of the road.

When the case was tried by the county commissioners they found in favor of Mr. Bell and ordered that the center of the traveled way be established as the center of the road. McMains and Macy immediately filed an appeal to the circuit court. Later the change of venue was asked and the case was sent to Clay county.

Allee, James & Allee are representing Mr. McMains and Mr. Macy, while Fay Hamilton is representing Mr. Bell. Many witnesses have been summoned in the case, the county commissioners, county engineer, county attorney and other county officers being among those summoned. It is probable that the case will go to the higher courts before it is finally settled.

The marriage of Miss Pearl Grimes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Grimes, who reside south of this city, and John F. Taylor, son of George W. Taylor of Putnam county, occurred this morning at 11:30 in the clerk's office at the court house. Squire Philip Frank performed the ceremony. Both young people are well known in this city. Mr. Taylor is a prominent young farmer of south Putnam county.

Mrs. Isabelle Harcourt and Miss Blanche Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Burl Hurst and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reed spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Cordie Harcourt in Mt. Meridian.

Sherman Earley, of Jasonville, has purchased the J. C. Hare grocery in the south part of the city and will take possession about December 1.

David Bispham
Opera House
TOMORROW NIGHT

Auto Accident at Coatesville.
COATESVILLE, Ind., Nov. 15.—A serious accident occurred Saturday evening on the outskirts of Coatesville, when D. D. Pruitt (Doc) collided in his cycle car with the buggy of Henry Cornet and wife. Mr. Cornet and wife were on their way here from their farm near Amo and were near the residence of Seph Stears, north-east of town. At this place there is a bright electric light, the first one in the corporat limits, which blinds a person facing it from the dark. Pruitt came up behind the buggy and didn't see it. He was running at a high speed and had in the car with him Noble Harlan, a nephew of Berry Swain. In the crash the buggy was overturned, Mr. Cornet and wife being badly bruised. Pruitt had his right knee thrown out of place and was otherwise injured and young Harlan was hurt though not seriously. Pruitt was unconscious for a time. Both rigs were badly wrecked.

Had Remedy Prescribed in Pocket.
While a heavily loaded Monon through freight train was running through Campbellsburg at high speed, a brake beam fell down from a large car and derailed several cars. One of them was loaded with coke, and in addition, carried three tramps.

The car back of it, loaded with lumber, carried one tramp. The coke car was overturned, burying the three tramps beneath the coke. The tramp from the lumber car notified the crew and all three tramps were dug out of the coke, and one, supposed to be badly hurt, was carried to a fire near the scene.

When a doctor was called he recommended brandy as a stimulant to revive the injured man. On hearing the recommendation, the injured man drew from his pocket a pint flask of whisky, asking, "Won't this do, Doc?" and began drinking it—Bloomington World.

RURAL ROUTE CARRIER HAS BEEN DISCHARGED

Nathan Hollingsworth, rural route carrier on Greencastle Rural Route No. 1, for the past several years, has been removed through orders from the Postmaster General. Postmaster W. B. Vestal received orders to inform Mr. Hollingsworth that his services for the Government ended Saturday night. Under orders the postmaster sent Howard Rockhill, a substitute, out on the route this morning. The substitute will serve until the appointment of John C. Knight, as regular carrier on the route, can be forwarded from Washington.

Miss Florence Wier, of Jeffersonville, who came here a short time ago to be stenographer for Miss Angie Godwin, deaconess in charge of the Methodist Orphanage, returned home on account of illness a few days ago. Miss Wier is now in a Louisville hospital and has successfully undergone an operation for appendicitis. She will return here when her health will permit.

ARE FIXING FOR A BIG MEETING

**THE STATE TEMPERANCE CON-
VENTION TO BE HELD IN TOM-
LINSON HALL, INDIANAPOLIS,
ON TUESDAY AND WED-
NESDAY, WILL BE ADDRESSED
BY A LARGE NUMBER OF
ABLE SPEAKERS.**

DEPAUW IS REPRESENTED

The Indianapolis Star of Monday says:

Several prominent educators and lecturers are on the program for the temperance convention. The number includes H. A. Gobin, vice president of DePauw University; George L. Mackintosh, president of Wabash College; Robert L. Kelly, head of Earlham College; Thomas C. Howe, president of Franklin College; E. O. Excell of Chicago, Judge William H. Eichhorn of Bluffton, J. Frank Hanly, Frederick Landis, F. C. Tilden of Greencastle, E. C. Dinwiddle of Washington and Sam Small of Georgia, Mrs. Cula J. Vayhinger of Upland, Ind., president of the W. C. T. U., will make an address tomorrow afternoon on "The W. C. T. U. and Prohibition." She will be followed by John F. Cuneen of Chicago, who will talk on "The Greatest Nation and the Reason Why."

J. Q. Hessler went to Indianapolis this morning to spend the day.

LYRIC TONIGHT

**"THE PHANTOM
OF HAPPINESS"**
Lubin Drama in 3 acts

A Vitagraph Drama
"THE QUARREL"

"The Stranger in the Valley"
Biograph

TOMORROW
Lottie Pickford and Irvin
Cummings in

"The Diamond From the Sky"
Remember that first 50 ladies
will receive free admission.

Wednesday, "The Plunderer"
Fox Feature

Friday—"Juggernaut"

OPERA HOUSE

A. COOK, Proprietor & Manager.

SPECIAL FEATURE TONIGHT

Cleo Madison in
"A MOTHER'S ATONEMENT"
A thrilling Rex Drama in 3 reels

W. M. Parsons in
"FOR HIS WIFE'S SAKE"
A western drama in two reels

Sydney Ayres and Doris Pawn in
"THE AMBER VASE"
A tense one act drama

"FATTY'S NIGHTMARE"

A roaring satire of the present war. Associated Comedy

10c 7—SEVEN FULL REELS—7 10c

Tomorrow—DAVID BISPHAM
in "Adelaide" and "The Rehearsal"

The HERALD

Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind., postoffice.

Charles J. Arnold, Proprietor

Terms of Subscription.

By Carrier.....10 Cents a Week
Single Copies.....2 Cents Each
By Mail.....\$3.00 a Year

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON
Except Sunday at 17 and 19 South
Jackson Street, Greencastle, Indiana.

TELEPHONE 65.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

(By Willis S. Thompson.)

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 15.—The suit which has been brought by the republican state central committee in a Marion county court, pretending to test section ten of the primary law, and incidentally to pretend a move in the interest of progressives is not fooling anyone. It is best disposed of in this editorial comment in the Indianapolis Star:

"In view of the fact that the Supreme Court is to pass on the constitutionality of the primary election law within the next few weeks, the test suit filed in this county, with Carl H. Mote as the plaintiff, seems rather uncalculated for unless the purpose, as reported, is to pull the wool over the eyes of the Progressives in the hope of convincing them that the local Republican organization is anxious to make it easy for them to act with the G. O. P. at the primary next March.

"It might not be amiss to remind the local Republican leaders that perhaps the Progressives are not worried as to whether they are to be permitted to affiliate with either of the old parties at the primary. The constitutionality of Section 10 of the primary law attacked by the local and state Republican committees has been upheld by Judge Paris, Democrat, of New Albany. What difference will it make if it is set aside by a Republican judge in Marion county?

"The Supreme Court will have the last word and it will speak in due time. The attempt of the Republicans to play politics in this litigation will not be taken seriously outside of their own camp. The Mote suit, as a matter of fact, is a sort of fifth wheel to the entire procedure. It is to be hoped, however, that the Supreme Court will clear up the uncertainty regarding a number of provisions of the law. Until that court speaks, it might be just as well for the Republicans to sit still in the boat and await results."

NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL TO GIVE WIDOW \$2,500 A YEAR.

(By Willis S. Thompson.)

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 15.—The appointment of Evan B. Stotsenburg of New Albany as state attorney general to succeed to the late Richard M. Milburn, stands as another act of Governor Ralston which all the people of the state will commend. As attorney general Evan B. Stotsenburg will rank at the head of the list of strong men and able lawyers who have held the office in the past. As a member of the general assembly for several terms, his first election as a member of the house in 1895 being followed by two terms of four years each in the state senate. As a member of the state senate there are more good constructive bills credited to him than to any other man who has ever been a member of either branch of the general assembly. His record has always been one of construction.

He was more largely responsible than any other in the preparation of the primary law passed in 1915 and he was one of its most earnest advocates at the time of its passage. When an attack was made upon the law he was called upon by Governor Ralston and Attorney General Milburn to conduct the defense. He will now appear in the supreme court in official capacity to sustain the law.

Born in New Albany fifty years ago, he has been a practicing attorney with his office at New Albany for thirty years, and he has had "an excellent practice. For the remainder of the term for which Mr. Milburn had been elected, Mr. Stotsenburg will turn over to Mrs. Milburn \$2,500 a year of the salary of the office. He

Has a High Opinion of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"I had a severe cold on my lungs for weeks. I coughed and coughed and would be disturbed in my rest coughing nights. On the recommendation of a friend I began taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It relieved me at once," writes Mrs. George McClanahan, Huntington, Ind. "When you have a cough or cold give this remedy a trial. We are confident that you will be pleased with it. Obtainable everywhere. adv.

will also, for the time being at least, allow the organization of the office to remain unchanged.

Singing the Praise of Chamberlain's Tablets.

"Ever since I used Chamberlain's Tablets for indigestion, when living in Fulton, N. Y., about five years ago, and they did me so much good I have been singing their praise in the ears of neighbors and friends," writes Mrs. Ernest Crookes, Camillus, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere. adv.

BARTENDER MAKES FORTUNE KEEPING CLEAN

The success of a bartender in the moving pictures business as told in the December Woman's Home Companion is an excellent illustration of what the public wants and how the exhibitor can grow rich by giving it to them. A few years ago one of the leading New York exhibitors was working behind the bar.

"He saw some motion pictures, realized their wonderful entertainment value, and decided that there was his big opportunity. He rented the empty room above a saloon, got a scrub-brush, some strong soap and a pail of water and scrubbed the place on his hands and knees."

Cleanliness was his slogan in his films as well as his theatre. "Any picture that he thought was bad he would not show. Objectionable parts of other films he cut out, after marking the place so that the piece could be inserted again before the film was sent on to the next man on the circuit."

Soon he had to move his theatre because of increased business. Then his success was so great that he tried his luck in New York. Today he is the proprietor of one of the largest and finest theatres in the city.

A Christmas Plum Cake.

"The most attractive sort of a plum cake for the Christmas supper table," says a writer in the December Woman's Home Companion, "is one decorated with a wreath of holly. And when the wreath itself may be safely eaten and forms, moreover, the most delicious portion of the cake, it is especially desirable to know how to make it."

"First the cake must be smoothly and thickly iced with a rich boiled icing. Then the leaves are arranged on its surface while the icing is still a little soft. To make the leaves, slice green citron in thin transparent slices, and from them cut leaves in the shape of the holly leaf. A genuine holly leaf may be used for a pattern; have your knife sharp and you will find this making of the leaves a simple matter. When the wreath is formed place small scarlet candies at intervals among the leaves to simulate the berries. A design of leaves and berries may also be arranged in the center of the cake."

"Mistletoe wreaths are made in the same way, the leaves being slightly longer and more pointed in shape than the holly leaves. Mistletoe berries are formed of white candies. Such a decoration is best on a chocolate iced cake."

NOTICE OF ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Greencastle Savings & Loan Association will be held at the office of the said association at the City of Greencastle, County of Putnam, State of Indiana, on the 6th day of December, 1915, at 7 o'clock p. m., of said day, for the purpose of electing two directors for the ensuing three years and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

Dated at Greencastle, Indiana, this 8th day of November, 1915.

WILLIAM B. PECK, Secretary.
3t Herald, Nov. 8-15-22.

For quick results try a Herald Want Ad

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

WHY YOU SHOULD TRADE WITH FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE.

Because advertising moves goods, thus assuring you that the firm that advertises is least likely to have anything old to offer you, even were it so a-mind.

Because the firm that advertises to sell is likely to be just as progressive in buying its stock, and thus knows how to purchase at a saving for its customers.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

For the Housewife.

An excellent substitute for cloth in window washing is an old newspaper or a chamois skin, which should be wrung from the water and passed rapidly over the glasses.

If the house is infested with ants, dip a sponge into sweetened water and lay it where they can get at it. They will soon cluster upon it and the sponge can then be dropped in hot water.

If a cake sticks to the pan, turn the pan upside down and lay on the bottom of it a cloth wet with cold water. After about five minutes the cake can usually be removed quite easily.

A simple method to soften hard water is to boil it for a quarter of an hour, pour it into an earthen jug, add a quarter of an ounce of common soda to each two gallons, stir, and when cold carefully pour off the clear water.

Almost every one has the experience, when filling and icing a layer cake, of the layers slipping and sliding, thereby causing an unattractive looking cake when dry. If you will stick two or even three of the skewers used by butchers down through the layers they will hold the cake in place until set.

If your vegetables or preserves scorch while cooking, advises a cook, remove the vessel instantly from the range and set it in a pan of cold water, letting it remain there for ten or fifteen minutes. At the end of that time you will find that the scorched taste has all vanished from the food. When cooking cabbage, turnips, or onions boil at the same time some vinegar with few spices. This will destroy all vegetable odor. When boiling a ham leave it in the water in which it has been boiled until it is quite cold. This will make it juicy and quite tender.

Jonquils and daffodils are placed to advantage in a brass or copper urn or vase.

Stale macaroons, which can be bought cheap at the baker's, make the tastiest addition to pudding and custards if pulverized and sprinkled over the top.

It is a good plan to keep the oven door open part of the time when not in use, so that all traces of gas or odors of food may escape.

When apples have to be cored but served whole, it is advisable to core before peeling them, as they are then less liable to break.

Should you spill hot fat on the floor or a wooden table, pour cold water upon it at once. It can then be more easily scraped off, not having had time to sink into the wood.

Folding coat hangers that fit in a flat leather case are useful for the traveler, for whom also are designed equally flat cases that contain folding Pullman slippers of soft leather.

Instead of always folding tablecloths and sheets lengthways, it is an excellent plan to sometimes fold them the other way so that the folds will be changed.

Jam which has been laid aside long and has got hard and sugary and unfit for use can be made quite as good as when new if it is put into the oven for a little while till the sugar melts and then left to cool.

If walnuts or any other kind of nuts are packed in layers of sand and kept in a cool place they will keep fresh for an indefinite period. Soak them in warm water for an hour before using if you would have them peel as if they had just been gathered fresh from the tree.

Fruit Dishes.

The fruits are so delicious and last so short a time that we should utilize them to the full to provide variety for our menus.

A thoughtless or uninterested housekeeper will so often order "blanc-mange and stewed fruit today" and "stewed fruit and custard tomorrow," but surely we can do better than this, although it is really more in the fresh methods of serving than actually new dishes that our changes will be discovered, says the Queen (London).

First, be sure that simplest dishes are perfectly prepared. Let the blanc-mange be a lustrous jelly, just the usual one and a quarter pint of milk and three tablespoons of cornflour, but simmered eight minutes and stirred all the time; or, if ground rice is used, add a well beaten egg and be careful it is not too stiff.

Custard could be made the previous day and thoroughly beaten till smooth, or, if preferred, make it rather thicker than usual and turn out as a mold.

Cook a rice pudding in a porridge saucepan for four hours till a creamy mass; or if using fine tapioca or sago, add an egg when cooked and bake in a pie dish till set; rice cream can be set in a border mold or in tiny cups, and with all these accompaniments, be sure that whatever "stewed fruit" is used is gently simmered till tender in a little thick sugar-and-water syrup.

Many fruits are really much nicer made into a puree as follows: Stew the fruit till tender with a little water and sugar to sweeten in a jar in the oven, then rub through a sieve and serve in a glass dish, with cream or custard on top. Or just mix the puree with a small pot of cream and you have an excellent food; apples or gooseberries are the best.

COMFORTING WORDS.

Many a Greencastle Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed—to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders, is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. The following advice of one who has suffered will prove comforting words to hundreds of Greencastle readers.

Mrs. M. Hinkle, 317 N. Jackson St., Greencastle, says: "My back was so lame and such pains darted through it, that I could hardly sit down or get up. At night, I couldn't even turn over. I became worn-out and nervous, had dizzy spells and black spots came before my eyes. My kidneys acted too often and the kidney secretions were unnatural. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the Cook Drug Co., and three boxes freed me from all trouble."

Price 50 cents, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Hinkle had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. adv.

ESKIMOS GORGE YET KEEP HEALTH

ONE OF THEM EATS 4 POUNDS OF MEAT IN DAY WITH NO ILL EFFECTS

Copenhagen Resident on Contrary, Lives on Potatoes.

Two studies recently made by European scientists illustrate the range in nutritive conditions to which the human being can adapt himself.

In one case an Eskimo on the island of Disco in western Greenland consumed in one day nearly four pounds of boiled meat corresponding to eighty-five grams of nitrogen and 218 grams of fat. This is said to be far below the record figure among these people who eat very large meals at irregular and somewhat infrequent intervals.

Indigestion and other nutritive disorders however, are rare among them and their physical endurance and resistance to cold is very high. The way the above extraordinary meal was utilized by this Eskimo was found to be very satisfactory.

The other study was of a man in Copenhagen "who was able to maintain himself in excellent nutritive equilibrium and muscular efficiency through long periods of months, not merely days, on a diet essentially composed of potatoes and margarin." Four pounds of potatoes were eaten daily yielding 3.62 grams of digestible nitrogen, which with the margarin, amounted to 3,900 calories.

When hard work had to be performed this man ate eight pounds of potatoes with liberal additions of fat so that the entire energy content was brought up to 5,000 calories with 10 grams of digestible nitrogen. No dilatation of the stomach was found to result from these monster meals.

Such curiosities of the literature of nutrition simply show the great adaptability of the human organism which has enabled man to live in every region of the earth. It is needless to say that neither the maximum nor the minimum of any nutritive element is desirable. The normal individual lives in the safe medium.

All the Same to Her.

During the gunning season a beloved brother from a big city borrowed a gun and went in quest of wild ducks. He was successful beyond his wildest imagination for he hadn't been rowing up stream more than three hours before he came upon a beautiful flock feeding in a little cove. Instantly the city man's gun went to his shoulder.

"Hey, there, ye consarned rabbit!" came the expostulating voice of Uncle Josh. "What in thunderation are ye tryin' to do?"

"I am shooting wild ducks," answered the city man, in a cautious whisper. "Don't come any nearer or you'll scare—"

"Them ain't wild ducks," was the exercised rejoinder of the farmer. "Them's tame ducks!"

"That's all right, old fellow," returned the city man. "My wife won't know the difference."

In Great Danger.

At the capital one day a California representative was discoursing on the sport of fishing for tuna off the Pacific coast.

"We go out in small motor boats," said the representative, "and fish with a long line baited with flying fish. Anything less than a hundred pound tuna isn't considered good sport."

Just then a colored messenger, who had been listening, stepped up.

"Scuse me, suh," said he, wide-eyed, "but did I understand yo' to say dat yo' went fishin' fo' hundred-pound fish in a little motah boat?"

"Yes," said the congressman, with a smile, "we go out frequently."

"But," urged the darkey, "ain't yo' feared yo' might ketch one?"

Wedding Presents

"We'll have to be looking through the shops for a wedding present for Claudia and Bert," remarked Mrs. Nalor. "They're such a fashionable young couple that we'll have to be very particular in our choice."

"What did Claudia and Bert give us when we took up the burden of wedded life?" asked Nalor.

"I don't remember just now. I have a book of those that gave us presents and the present they gave, but I haven't the volume handy. And, do you know, that book has saved us hundreds of dollars? When the Smithers girl was married last week and we were invited—which meant, 'Come and bring a present'—I looked in my book to see what she gave me. I found the following entry: 'Carrie Smithers: one pickle fork.' I gave her a pickle fork in return. I had almost forgotten what the Windigs gave us until I saw them credited with a fern dish. When Lois Windig married Harold Spinnott, I'll give her a fern dish."

"That's a fine system," said Nalor. "How did you happen to think of it?"

"It was the result of my natural brilliancy, my dear. I found that many times we gave gifts far more valuable than we received, so by keeping a record I avoid that mistake."

"What did Bill Higen give us—remember? I have an idea that Bill and the young widow will marry this spring and we'll have to do the right thing by them."

"Mr. Higen is down in my book, I believe, for a punchbowl and stand."

"Just as I thought. Bill always was generous. We'll have to buy him a punchbowl in return, I suppose?"

"We can give him the one he gave us. We never used it, and manlike, I know he's forgotten what he gave us."

"I like Bill! We'll give him back his punchbowl!"

"Very well! For our wedding Claudia and Bert gave us a clock."

"But which of the forty-two clocks did they give us? Clocks are of different values, and you know that some of the forty-two we got weren't worth more than 49 cents. I had an idea that Bert gave us one of the seventeen percolators we received."

"My dear, we received 22 percolators. You must have in mind the seventeen reading lamps."

"I have a bright thought, speaking of reading lamps. We have those percolators, clocks and lamps in the attic, haven't we? We'll give them back to our marrying friends while they last."

"Oh, nearly every one gives a percolator, lamp or clock."

"That is evident from the collection that was thrust upon us. We'll do likewise. A clock, percolator, or lamp, sent in a big box, with lots of hay packing around it, makes a deeper impression than a far more expensive gift. It has the outward appearance of something valuable. And at that period of the young people's lives everything looks good. If I was doing it all over again, I'd take the miscellaneous collection we received and open up a five and ten cent store."

An Expert Driver.

A South Dakota congressman tells a story of the old coaching days, when a certain Pete McCoy, one of the most skillful of the old stage drivers, operated a conveyance that made a circuit of Deadwood, Carbonate, Spearfish, and Bear Gulch. Pete was famous for his fast, furious, daring driving.

One day, the story runs, Pete tore into Carbonate on his usual dead run. Up to the "hotel" door clattered the stage. There suddenly, as it stopped, one of the four horses fell dead.

"Kinder sudden, that, Pete," said a bystander.

"Nuthin' sudden about it," said Pete. "That hoss died at the top of the hill, ten miles back; but I wasn't goin' to let him down until I got to the reg'lar stoppin' place."

Too Much for Her.

Unobserved and unannounced, the president of a church society entered the composing-room of a newspaper just in time to hear these words issue from the mouth of the boss printer:

"Billy, go to the devil and tell him to finish that 'murder' he began this morning. Then 'kill' William J. Bryan's Youngest Grandchild, and dump the 'Sweet Angel of Mercy' into the hell-box. Then make up that 'Naughty Parisian Actress' and lock up 'The Lady in Her Doudoir.'"

Horried, the good woman fled, and now her children wonder why they are not allowed to play with the printer's youngsters.

Close Buying.

"Command me to the average woman shopper for real shrewdness," says the manager of a well-known establishment. "We received a visit from one the other day that taught us something."

"She was considering the purchase of a yard of silk at eighty cents. The woman's purchase left a remnant of a yard and a half, which the salesgirl suggested she should take."

"What'll it cost?" asked the shopper.

"Fifty cents."

"I'll take it," was the prompt response, "and you may keep the yard you've torn off."

THIS PLANT KILLS SHEEP.

'Wild Onion' Species Poisons Animals by the Thousands.

According to a bulletin recently published by the department of agriculture, one of the most serious sources of loss to sheep owners in the western states, especially Wyoming and Montana, is zygadenus (of several species) or death camas; also known under various other popular names, including such preposterous misnomers as "lobelia," "wildonion" and "water lily." Strange to say, a great many sheep owners do not know the plant, and ascribe the poisoning it produces to other causes. Thus lupines have been blamed for many cases of zygadenus poisoning. It is said that in 1909 about 20,000 sheep were killed by this plant in a single county in Wyoming.

Other animals seem less susceptible to its effect, though horses, cattle and human beings are made ill by it, sometimes with fatal results. Coville has reported that one species is sometimes used by medicine men of the Klamath Indians, mixed with the dried root of iris missouriensis and a little tobacco, to give a person a severe nausea, in order to secure a heavy fee for making him well again.

The authors of the bulletin above mentioned report the results of elaborate experimental studies of this plant, extending over a period of five years. They are able to present a much more extensive account of the symptoms produced by the plant than has hitherto been available. Every effort was made to find some effective remedial treatment, but without satisfactory results. Frequent doses of tannic acid or sodium bicarbonate in recovery, but the expense of such treatment is prohibitive, except when the animals are especially valuable. The only method of reducing losses appears to be to make the plant better known to shepherds, so that they will keep the animals away from it. —Scientific American.

TELLS HORSE STORIES.

Writer Relates of Animal That Can Go Home Alone.

A man living near Litchfield, Minn., has a horse that takes his children to school in Litchfield every morning. When the "kiddies" get out of the buggy they tie the lines to the dash and the horse goes home alone. He always stops at the same place and waits there until someone leads him to the barn. A number of horses were employed to haul material from a large building excavation to a point some squares away. It was only necessary to station men at the loading and unloading points, the intelligent animals passing between the two places without the direction of drivers thus affecting a considerable economy in wages. Another horse, the property of Chicago man, which was recently stolen, after the lapse of a few days turned up at his proper home, drawing a spic-and-span wagon and proudly wearing a brand new harness. Inquiries by the owner of the horse for the proper owner of the wagon and harness evoked no response, which, upon reflection, is not so explicable.

Old Stuff in People's Garrets Very Often Valuable.

People want strange things. Who would imagine, for instance, that anyone should want a newspaper of Oct. 10, 1884? Or an old hair sofa? Or your discarded gold teeth? Or the music box you were so proud of before the talking machine laughed it out of the parlor and into the garret?

Yet, somebody might want these things. Thousands of people have stuff littering up their houses which they think is useless, but which they hesitate to throw away for some unknown reason. Perhaps in Philadelphia there may be someone who wants just what you have and who is willing to pay for it, perhaps your storehouse has in it an antique, useless to you, but which would be a gem to a collector of such things.

There was a man in Philadelphia a year ago who wanted one of the medals given out by the Record at the national export exposition in 1899. We know he wanted it because he advertised in the papers for it. He placed an advertisement in the wanted column, after he had found that the Record did not have any more. And he found a man in Germantown who had one in an old drawer of his desk. The first man paid the second man \$1 for it, although its real value was considerably less.

The man who got the dollar had a habit of reading the want ads. Others have the habit, too. It is a good thing for any man or woman, especially those who have a lot of old junk lying around.

She Baked Million Pies.

Lehigh county lost one of its famous pie bakers when Sally Knauss, 84, who had been an inmate of the county home at Allentown, Pa., longer than any other person, died after a six-month illness of Bright's disease.

Since it took some hundred pies each week for the big country home family, it is estimated that in the fifty-eight years she was there she baked, or supervised the baking of fully 1,000,000 pies.—Philadelphia Record.

As a substitute for the door mat there has been invented a device provided with horizontal brushes to remove dust from the soles and tops of shoes and the bottoms of trussers as well.

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

SUCCESSFUL BOYS

Who are the boys that succeed in the world? This, my young friends is a very important question for you to answer. Shall I answer it for you? As you and I are strangers, let me say that I have had thousands of boys under my care as a teacher, and that I know who succeeded in all the nobler walks of life. I have watched those successful in the schoolroom, in the store, in college, on the farm—everywhere.

One trait of character is possessed by all of them in a greater or less degree, viz., they all have great powers of concentration. Whatever they do they do with all their might.

In a lesson to be learned they bring all the powers of their mind to the task until it is mastered. They do not allow their minds to wander off, now upon this subject and then upon that, but, with an iron will and an unconquerable determination, they give the task to be performed, whether of the head or the hand, undivided and close attention till the work is done.

This power of concentration is the secret of one scholar's success over another in the same class. How you study is of far greater importance than what or how much you study.

I have in my mind now several of my old scholars who are eminent as lawyers, physicians, ministers of the gospel, civil engineers, builders, merchants and farmers, all of whom were noted in school for their undivided and close attention to whatever was to be done, either at their desk in preparing their lessons, or in the classroom at recitation.

I remember one of these boys in particular, although it is nearly thirty years since he was a student in my school. I can see him now at his desk, working at a difficult problem in algebra or arithmetic, or trying to translate a sentence in Latin or Greek.

It mattered not what the study was, he always entered upon it with the same resolute determination to master it in the least possible time. He seemed to bring his whole body as well as the powers of his mind, to the accomplishing of his task.

Now he would extend one leg and then the other, now run his fingers through his hair, his eyes meanwhile intensely fixed upon his book, and he saw nothing, heard nothing, until that lesson was thoroughly prepared.

He never failed at recitation. That boy has been for several years one of the most prominent judges in this country and one of the most eminent of the governors of New Jersey.—Arkansas Optic.

THE STORY OF MRS. QUACK-QUACK

Last summer Ethel visited her aunt who lived on a farm. Aunt Martha raised lots of chickens and ducks. Ethel was particularly interested in the baby ducks. There was one little brown and white duck that she made a pet of.

When it was time for Ethel to return home she hated to leave her pet duck, so Aunt Martha

CUMA

By ROSE HENDERSON
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Below were the gray depths that lay slumbering and mysterious beyond the cliff's ragged edge. Above was the clear, calm, interminable blue. Cuma Ventura crouched in the warm sun, leaning her head against the rough rock at her side. Behind her were thick short cactus bushes growing in scattered clumps and back of those the sides of the mountain rose, steep, jagged and barren. The rock was warm against her cheek though the sun was an hour below the Guadalupe peaks and the cactus shadows were growing darker on the long slopes. The air seemed heavy with silence. No bird sang. A vine-garone slipped under a stone at the edge of the cliff.

The girl sat quietly, her head bowed. The heavy, dark braids were bound with bands of glittering beads. Away in the distance sounded the faint tinkle of sheep bells and the dull barking of a dog. At these sounds the girl raised her head. She snatched from her neck a small round locket, stared at it in her hand, and then flung it over the cliff into the chasm below. Her slim brown face was flushed; her eyes were large with pain, but there were no tears in them.

"So it meant not anything to him—not anything," she muttered. The truth was slowly becoming real to her and it came with the weight of death itself. It was hard to believe after the beautiful dreams, so hard there would be nothing more to be happy about. She would have to marry Petro as her father wished. Duro, her pony, and the new saddle would be his. He would beat the little Duro when he was drunk, and her, too, he would beat her of course when he was jealous and angry.

At the thought of the ugly Mexican suitor her face broke into quick angry frowns. She pulled her long braid over her shoulders. Pierre had patted them once as she rode beside him and he had blushed foolishly. She hated herself for those blushes. And when his hand had changed to touch hers on the saddle horn, or when he had leaned over her, helping her to read the English books, she had trembled with a new and delicious joy.

She had taught him to know the desert and the mountains. He was often reckless in his ignorance. Once with his lips she had drawn the blood from a rattlesnake bite on his arm and Pierre had called her a brave little nurse. They had ridden for hours for days together under the open sky. Often they had sat here among the rocks before the cliff. He had called it "the edge of the world." Once when she stood very near the perilous brink, he had caught her back suddenly, tenderly, and her head had rested for a moment on his shoulder. Together they had felt the twilight come. She had listened to his talk of his own people, of the cold winters, the snow, the sleighing, and the strange noisy cities. She had listened with her heart beating fast, her eyes upon his face and her ears filled with the music of his voice. They had seen the stars come into the deep dark sky and had watched the blue and purple shadows that cling along the "edge of the world" after sunset. Once a mountain lion had crept upon them and Pierre had shot the creature with her gun. He was careless about weapons himself, and often went unarmed even after night-fall.

Then he had gone away. His letter came explaining his hasty leaving. He would come back soon. How she wept over the letter and the desolate loneliness that came with his absence. But he would come back, and she waited. She had borne her father's drunken scolding and Petro's hateful presence, and she had been happy through it all. Now the thought of her happiness was more bitter than the memory of her misery. He had come back and it meant nothing to him. He had played with her and then cast her aside, as she would gather a yellow poppy in the mountains and throw it away, thirsty and helpless, on the hot sand. The girl's breast heaved, her eyes glowed, little points of light scintillating in their still depths. She knitted her low dark brows and pulled the small silver-handled knife from her belt.

"He shall not go back," she said softly. Her fingers stole along the sharp blade, testing its keen edge, and her lips parted in a cunning smile. It was the kind of smile that flashed across old Diego's heavy lips when he was not drunk enough to be stupid and not sober enough to be lazy. Cuma had hated her father for that smile. Once he had stabbed a half-breed cow puncher because the man refused to trade ponies with him and Cuma watched the wretch reel from his saddle cursing. She had forgotten the ugly horror of it now and remembered only the quick, soft thrust of the knife.

"He shall not go," she repeated. She sprang to her feet with a swift easy grace. She was strong and supple and closely knit. Her slender, rounded figure was as full of life as an antelope's. It was this bounding vigor that had attracted the man she had grown to love. It had led in

spite of the difference in their breeding. Sometimes its grip was stronger than the call of generations of civilization and environment. She was so simple and so wholly a woman. And her mind was ready and eager to follow his. Sometimes he had wondered if she might not learn his way of life, but that was only when he had grown delirious with the sense of her. When he weighed the matter in sober moments he knew that this was impossible, that it would mean his coming to her level in the end.

Upon his return to the plains he had steeled his heart against her and she had felt the change in her first keen look. The desert wilderness had not robbed her of the subtle intuition of her sex. He did not see the fires of her hate. She hid them under the heavy-lashed eyelids, and she stifled the hot pain in her breast. But the fires of her hate were burning, and the pain in her breast was not dead. Twilight was creeping up the long valley and the girl's figure was blurred against the dull background.

"He shall not go," she said again and gazed over the edge of the cliff where the tiny gold locket had gone. Then suddenly she stood erect listening. There was the quick, soft, steps of padded feet among the cactus bushes, a rustle, and a low growl that sent a chill through the girl's warm veins. She sprang to her feet, quick-eyed and alert. There was no mistaking the sound. It was a panther. She felt in anticipation the sudden crushing of mouth and claws upon her, and every muscle was nerved for resistance. But the beast seemed to be parrying an assault, and she peered into the cactus jungle at her back. Through the branches of a dwarf "saguaro" she caught sight of a long, tense body crouched close above the ground. She watched it stealthily out of the tail of her eye. It was creeping forward with a sneaking, cat-like movement, but it was not coming directly toward her. The girl's head turned, following the animal's advance, but her body was still like the stiff motionless cactus beside her. Her fingers tightened the grip on the knife and the breath came noiselessly through her parted lips. In a flash her mind took in every detail of the situation, the yawning chasm a few feet in front of her, the ragged mountain at her back, and the crouching beast advancing stealthily over the sand. All the fierceness and cunning of the desert born animal was reflected in the tense suppleness of her pose. Only one thing puzzled her, and that was the direction of the panther's advance. She was losing the yellow form in the deeper bushes at her back. Suddenly there was a scuffling and snapping in the shadows, a man's low curse and the ripping of the panther's claws against coarse clothing. In a moment two bodies rolled struggling on the ground beside the girl. She saw the man's arms tense and knotted against the beast's shaggy breast. She saw his brown hair.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she cried breathlessly. He too, had been lingering at the old trysting place.

The claws were buried in the man's shoulders, the grinning mouth was reaching for his throat, but the brown arms with their rigid muscles held the creature back. The man's strength was being tested to the uttermost. His body swayed above the brute's. His hands clutched the straining neck. They came nearer, almost against the girl's feet. She saw the man's arms bloody with cuts and scratches, his face white, his teeth set; she could hear his hoarse breathing. As they turned toward her she plunged the knife into the panther's tail, yellow throat.

The angered beast whirled about suddenly, dropped the man's shoulders and sprang upon his new enemy. The girl crumpled under his weight, the knife fell, her hands clutched blindly at the open jaws. The man jumped to his feet. The panther leaped forward against the girl's body, and the two, struggling together, lurched over the cliff's edge and disappeared. The man flung himself on the ground and calling wildly, leaned far over the insupportable depths.

But the girl did not answer. Her last glimpse of the world was a confused blur, the jagged cliff's edge and the sky's full crimson whirling madly, and then the blue and purple depths rushing upward as her feet left the earth. And on the sand at the rock's edge the silver-handled knife lay dusty and blood stained.

Wanted His Pay.
Some time ago an old Indian in the west broke his axle, and a farmer, taking pity on him, fitted the tool with a new one from his own supply. Then, noticing that the axle was dull, Uncle Josh decided to add to his kindness by sharpening it, and asked the Indian to turn the grindstone.

"Well, what is it?" wonderingly asked the farmer, noticing that the Indian persisted in waiting there after the job was done. "Is there anything else you want?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt rejoinder of the Indian. "You no pay me."

"Not pay you!" exclaimed the farmer with a perplexed expression. "Not pay you for what?"

"For turn the grindstone," calmly replied the chief. "Twenty-five cents."

The Tie That Binds.
Nagsby—Do you know whether the Siamese twins were from the humbler class of their country?"

Wagsby—I had always had the idea that they were pretty well connected.

FIRE CANNON IN WAR ON LOCUSTS

COSTA RICANS USE METHODS OF HUMAN WARFARE TO FIGHT INSECT FOE

Rockets Sprayed With Asphyxiating Gases Employed in Battle.

San Jose, Costa Rica.—This country has recently completed the destruction of an invasion of locusts. It was the first appearance of the insect here since 1878, and was so extensive that it called for the resources of the government to check it.

The population was for a time thrown into a panic, and even women and children turned out to fight the insects. Some of the methods used in exterminating the pests were not unlike those employed in destroying human beings on the European battle fields.

The invading army was bombarded with cannon loaded with sand, and with rockets sprayed with asphyxiating gases and blown up with gunpowder. The torch was also used, and there was likewise left loose to attack the insects an army of coco-bacilli, mortal enemy of the locust.

Disease among the locusts themselves, however, did most to destroy them, as has sometimes been the case in human armies.

The locust came over the border from neighboring Central American republics. The press of the latter had been reporting the devastating effects of a locust plague for a year, which were so alarming that the Costa Rican government made preparations for an invasion of its territory.

Disheartening reports reached here not only from Guatemala and Honduras, but also from Salvador and Nicaragua, where, through neglect or for other reasons, no efforts to eradicate the plague were made either by the government or by private agricultural interests.

The damage the insects wrought on crops in those countries advanced cereal prices to such an extent that their governments were forced to import large shipments of grain which were sold at moderate prices.

This, together with the increase in the rate of exchange caused by the European war, caused dealers in this country to ship large quantities of grain to these markets. This resulted in a considerable increase in the local market price and all grains underwent what might be termed a boom.

In view of the excellent prospects for the sale of the next crop, all farmers in this country, notwithstanding the threatened plague, were attracted to the planting of cereals and large tracts of land were prepared and cultivated.

As a warning of the impending peril, a small swarm of locusts invaded Costa Rica territory by the province of Guanacaste, but owing to the prompt action on the part of the government with sand loaded cannon and rockets, the swarm was easily repulsed and turned back into Nicaraguan territory.

After this, two or three months elapsed in which the government had time to make more elaborate preparations and adopt special measures. A certain quantity of coco-bacilli was imported by the ministry of public works, which was cultivated in the national laboratory and held in readiness. Almost all signs of the danger seemed to have disappeared, when about the middle of May one horde after another invaded Costa Rican territory on the Nicaraguan border.

The swarms were numerous and of huge proportions. Everybody, with out exception, helped in one way or another to destroy the insect. Private subscriptions were raised and in many towns invaded the women and children turned out with torches, lamps and other implements to aid in its annihilation.

The average man is an economist when he has to buy things for his wife.

Satan's best servants are people who love money and hate work.

Some women put on airs and some others try to whistle them.

An expressman says that spinsters are uncalculated for packages.

A man may be regular in his habits, even if they are bad.

A woman gives her heart to but one; a man is more liberal.

Even a dead beat is always willing to pay an old grudge.

The late husband catches the early morning lecture.

A lot of good examples are set that never hatch out.

Indigestion and Constipation.

"For some time prior to taking Chamberlain's Tablets I was troubled with indigestion and constipation. I lacked ambition, and felt tired and worn out. Chamberlain's Tablets afforded me quick relief, and eventually toned up my system generally and restored me to good health," writes S. J. Ryther, Eden Center, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere. adv.

AMERICANS WASTE FOOD

Professor Rose Draws Significant Lesson in Economy From Germans

New York.—The question of table economy and the prevalent American waste of food is thus dealt with in the Sun:

If a family of five, using twenty-five bushels of potatoes a year at \$2 a bushel, lose 20 per cent on a bushel by paring, how much money has the family thrown into the garbage can during the year? Answer, \$10.

Applying this conservative estimate of dietitians to other foods, the average family might save at least \$100 a year on its table. It might give father a trip to Bermuda and mother a trip to California. It might pay John's registration fees at college. It might buy Mary furs. It might run some households for a month.

But if the average American prefers to peel money from his potatoes and let the garbage collector bear it away, the German does not. The dachshund may no longer lick up the crumbs that fall from his master's table, for no crumbs are allowed to fall. Every potato peeling every vegetable top is used. Station masters are ordered to plant sunflowers, that once seemed fit only for chickens, in every available bit of ground around the station, so that oil for margarine may be extracted to take the place of butter.

"Our main fault is table waste, rather than kitchen waste," said Prof. Mary S. Rose of Teachers' College, who discoursed on the many varieties of waste indigenous to the American household. "Any kind of economy is of course, good, but we should emphasize the table end of it. A boarding house throws away enough to keep a family in comfort. Moreover I have no sympathy with 'leaving for manners'; nor with breaking off the corner of a nice roll and wasting the rest."

"What should be done with the roll—served again or put into some other form?"

"That responsibility for making it a problem is with the eater. But we do not have much ingenuity in using up odds and ends, nor much forethought in preventing those odds and ends."

"Can you estimate the difference in a family's yearly expenditure if proper food economy were used?"

"We haven't enough data so that I can say with any accuracy, but I am sure of this, that while a five per cent waste in the kitchen is reasonable, a ten or fifteen per cent waste at the table is avoidable. Indeed I think it conservative to say that there is, through careless buying, cooking and serving, a waste of 25 per cent on food."

Prof. Rose is not, however, enthusiastic over the use of potato peelings. If you bake potatoes and do not eat the skins you waste a great deal, because so much goes with the skin. Of course if you eat the skin nothing is wasted. If you boil a potato with the skin on, you waste practically nothing, for what is left of the skin after you remove the potato from it amounts to little. Now if you make separate use of the skins as they do in Germany, you must count the labor in working twice with the same potato, while if you boil it in its skin it is handled but once and practically the same amount of nourishment is obtained. People seldom count the housewives' labor in advancing these theories.

"It is true we throw away half a head of lettuce instead of using the outer leaves for cream soup, shredding or greens. It is also true that we throw away most of the nourishment of carrots when we throw away the water in which we boil them, for carrots are soluble and a considerable part of them is sugar, which comes out in the water. We should either use this water in something else and get the nourishment thereby, or we should steam the carrots so that they may retain all their sugar."

As for waste of meat which is mostly waste of fat, Prof. Rose longed for a Mrs. Jack Spratt to dispose of this problem.

STRAY BURRO WORST MULE

Latter Handicapped Because Hitched to Ice Wagon.

St. Louis, Mo.—A crowd of pedestrians in Loughborough avenue witnessed an unusual battle between a mule and burro, in which the mule, handicapped by a tether and harness, was badly worsted, and probably would have been bitten and kicked to death had not men with clubs gone to its assistance and beat the burro off.

The mule was attached to an ice wagon. Joseph Cordick, the driver, stopped in front of the home of A. Jackson to deliver some ice, and after tethering the mule with a weight attached to a halter, went in to deliver the ice.

A moment later a burro, evidently astray, without halter or harness, appeared on the street, and after issuing a whiny of defiance, charged the mule, rearing on its hind legs, the burro pawed, bit and kicked at the mule, tearing big pieces out of the mule's head and sides.

The mule brayed loudly, and the noise finally attracted the attention of Cordick and Jackson, who armed themselves with clubs, and went to the aid of the mule. The sight of the men did not frighten the burro, and he started to charge them, but one or two blows from the clubs soon sufficed.



A Galley o' Fun!

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

The suburbanite is a man who spends his daytime in the city and his salary in the country. He usually is old enough to know better. The suburbanite is a patron saint of transportation companies, snow-shovel makers, perambulator manufacturers, lawn-mower grinders, and growers of seed—grass, garden, and canary.

He lunches at Thompson's, dines at home, and eats his breakfast on the road to the station.

He knows his way home in the dark, but probably would fail to recognize his bungalow if he were to run up against it in the daytime.

The suburbanite usually has a wife, four children, a gripper, and no permanent cook.

He sleeps all day Sunday dreaming of trial-balances. Week-days the babies are still slumbering when he leaves for the city in the morning, and abed when he reaches home at night. Offspring of suburbanites know only by hearsay that they have a father.

All suburban jokes on record were written by cavedwellers. Suburban life is no joke to the suburbanite. Besides, he has no time for foolishness—the seven-thirty local waits for no man.



LITERATURE.

Friend—Make any money on your last novel?

Author—You bet! I sold that description of the Palisades in Chapter Three to the Quickline Railroad for five thousand dollars; my tribute to the Plaster de Paris Hotel in New York, Chapter Ten, brought me three thousand dollars from the hotel people; and the United Resorts, Ltd., paid me another thousand for my rhapsody on the sunset in the Wamzerog mountains, Chapter Thirty, where the hero takes her in his arms. What's left of it I think I can hold down into a short story and make a ten-spot on it.



GAINING DISTINCTION.

"Cholly does put away a lot of lemonade and soda water."

"Yes; he's a hard drinker of soft drinks."

A SABBATHARIAN NUT

Orville L. Kiplinger, chaplain of the Michigan City, Ind., reformatory, tells the following instance of a scrupulous conscience:

Some years ago an insane patient was given to the immodest not to say expensive, habit of tearing his clothing from him and converting jeans, ticking, denim or whatever the clothes were made of into carpet rags.

The prison physician remonstrated with the shredding nut as follows: "Say, old man, you're certainly making a lot of unnecessary trouble for us. We don't think it's fair. Wouldn't you like to make money?"

The insane man emphatically averred his willingness to make ready cash.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," resumed the doctor. "I will give you ten cents for every day you don't tear your clothes off. Eh?"

The offender assented eagerly, and started in to make good. Tuesday his clothes remained intact; Wednesday, ditto; Friday and Saturday the same. His reformation was the talk of the institution.

But on Sunday morning the garments the crazy man had worn all week were torn into strips and thrown to the four winds of his cell.

"What does this mean?" asked the indignant physician. "I thought I had you hired to keep your clothes on and be good!"

"Well," said the prisoner, innocently, "you didn't suppose I was going to work on Sunday did you?"—From Judge.

WHEN YOU BUY SALMON

When you buy a can of salmon do you know whether it is "red," "pink" or "white" and that all the varieties taste alike and all have about the same food value? But the packer sells the "chum" or white salmon for less than half he gets for the red and he only gets 50 per cent as much for pink as for red salmon. So when you pay a high price for "red salmon" see that it is really marked "red." I learned these facts while at the dock at Saldovia looking over the cannery of Mr. Randolph and his associates. The floor adjoining the cannery department was covered with shiny cans of salmon still warm from the boiler. There must have been 50,000 cans piled up. As they cooled in the sharp, clear atmosphere of an Alaskan twilight I heard a popping like that of parching corn. The tops of the cans, which had swollen in boiling, were shrinking back under the pressure of the atmosphere. Every can must be full weight under the law. A Chinaman with a nail or bit of iron with incredible speed strikes the tops of the cans, and instantly by the sound detects those that are not fully packed. These are not numerous. Under the law they cannot be sold and are therefore given away to persons in the neighborhood. As I saw the Admiral Watson taking on thousands of cases of salmon at Saldovia I asked Mr. Randolph how long the fish then being shipped had been out of the water. He said, "Only a day. They go from here to Seattle and can be on your table in New York three or four weeks after they were caught." Fresh fish!

Mr. Randolph said that one of the choicest delicacies he ever ate was a mess of breaded broiled hearts of the big king salmon. Some of these fish weigh 180 pounds each, while the red or "sock-eye" salmon average only eight pounds. "They taste like sweetbreads," he added. "It is too bad they are wasted." And so are the fine, large livers as big as your hand, and the spawn which if it was sturgeon eggs would command a high price for caviar. Plans to utilize some of these products are being studied by Mr. Randolph and by others. Another tidbit is the little chunk of sweet, tender meat lodged in the cheek of the salmon, just below the gills. The cannery reserve such delicacies for themselves and their friends, but the time will come when they will find special mention on the menus of the highest priced restaurants.

The cannery gets at wholesale only about 13 cents for a one pound can of the best red salmon and only half the price for the pink and even less for the white. The red salmon constituted only three-sevenths of the pack, but three-fourths in value of the entire product. The public prefers the red meat and is willing to pay double price for it. So much for gratifying a taste.—John A. Schleicher in Leslie's.

LOST AND FOUND.

It is a world of strange happenings. On the Alaska steamer from Seattle was a young lady who bitterly lamented to a friend about the loss of a pin. It was an Elk emblem, gold and jeweled, a present from her brother. She had lost it on the street in Seattle just before her departure. She related the circumstances in the presence of another passenger to whom she had just been introduced by her friend. This fellow passenger seemed interested and finally inquired: "Did you really lose an Elk pin and did it have your initials engraved on the back?" "Indeed I did," replied the young lady. "How did you know about the initials?" The passenger rejoined, "Well, I found it!" He proceeded to relate that he picked up the pin on the street in Seattle just before the steamer had sailed. In a few minutes he returned from his stateroom and restored the lost treasure. A happier young woman than the recipient could not have been found.—From Leslie's.

BRIEF DECISIONS.

The Mother Hubbard just simply had to go out of fashionable literature. It wouldn't froufrou.

Isn't it strange considering how fond some men are of attitudes, that they strike them so frequently?

Not every man who gets a good sendoff can come back.

Some people seem to take great delight in looking forward to yesterday.

By and by, every man finds out that he is a fool—but some woman knew it first.

This would be a poor world for critics if nobody accomplished anything.

The fool never knows better next time till it is too late.

If you want your income to go up hitch it to an airship.—From Judge.

If honesty were not the best policy there would be a good deal less of it.

You never can believe more than half the good that a man tells about himself.

Calling a man a liar is never an argument.

The easier it is to reform a man the less it amounts to.

Wit without wisdom is sauce without meat.

A lazy man is a dead loss to himself.

W. M. McGAUGHEY.

Physician and Surgeon.
Phones: Office 327; Res., 339.
Office in Evans' Block, No. 24 South Jackson street.
Residence, corner Blooming-ton and Seminary streets.

DR. O. F. OVERSTREET

—Dentist—
Office in Bence Building,
South Vine Street, Greencastle,
Ind.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Every one with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

WHY YOU SHOULD TRADE WITH FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE.

Because the firm that asks for your business is most likely to treat you squarely to retain your business.

Because you are entitled to be told what your business men have to offer you. If they do not tell you they cannot complain if you buy elsewhere.

Interurban Time Table

| THISE LINES | |
|-------------|------------|
| Eastbound. | Westbound. |
| A. M. | A. M. |

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 6:00 | 5:15 |
| 7:25L | 6:40 |
| 8:12 | 7:52 |
| 8:55L | 8:38L |
| 10:12 | 9:52 |
| 11:28L (H.) | (H.) 10:38L |

| Eastbound. | Westbound. |
|------------|------------|
| P. M. | P. M. |

| | |
|------------|------------|
| 12:12 | 12:38L |
| 1:20L | 1:52 |
| 2:12 | 2:38L |
| 3:20L | 3:52 |
| 4:12 | 4:38L |
| 5:28L (H.) | (H.) 4:38L |
| 6:12 | 5:52 |
| 7:20L | 6:38L |
| 8:20Y | 7:52 |
| 9:20L | 9:40L |
| 12:26Y | 12:35Y |

(L)—Limited. (Y)—Greencastle only.
Under the new schedule the traction cars leave Indianapolis as follows:

Morning—6:10, 7:15L, 8:10, 9:30
Highlander; 10:10, 11:15L.
Afternoon—12:10, 1:15L, 2:10, 3:30
Highlander, 4:10, 5:15 L.
Evening—6:10, 8:15L, 11:10.

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS & LOUISVILLE RAILWAY.

—Northbound—

| | |
|--------|-----------|
| No. 4 | 1:54 am. |
| No. 10 | 9:47 am. |
| No. 6 | 12:42 pm. |
| No. 12 | 5:50 pm. |

—Southbound—

| | |
|--------|----------|
| No. 3 | 2:34 am. |
| No. 11 | 8:25 am. |
| No. 5 | 2:41 pm. |
| No. 9 | 5:21 pm. |

TRUSTEE NOTICES

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.
J. O. Mullinix, Trustee.

LOCAL ITEMS

Thomas T. Moore was in Indianapolis on legal business today.

Russell Pierce spent Sunday in Terre Haute visiting friends.

George Krebs was in this city Sunday visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Effie Ham is in Indianapolis the guest of relatives for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pierce spent Sunday in Bainbridge visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall.

The Penelope Club will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. William Grogan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, of Quincy, were here Sunday the guests of relatives.

Arthur J. Ack, of Lafayette, is here on business. Mr. Ack is connected with the Greencastle Produce Company.

Miss Mona Reeves, who has been visiting George Crump and family in this city, returned Sunday to her home in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Lilly Allen, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday here the guest of friends. Mrs. Allen formerly owned the millinery store now conducted by Mrs. Addie Ringo.

Miss Helen Beck and Miss Edith Teal, of Terre Haute, were here Saturday the guests of Mrs. Louis Zacharakos. They attended the Old Gold Day exercises at the university.

Russell Morin, of Chicago, was here to spend the week-end with friends of the university and to attend the Old Gold Day exercises. Mr. Morin was a member of the DePauw graduating class of 1914.

Maynard Alspaugh, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Alspaugh, who reside at the corner of Olive and Lincoln avenue, is confined to his home by an attack of scarlet fever.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Charles Vancleave at her home on east Hanna street. The program will be in charge of Mrs. George Fox of Reelsville, superintendent of the Franchise Department of the organization. The program for the afternoon will be in charge of Mrs. Fox and will deal with the Franchise movement.

Dave Rudisill, who has been critically ill at his home in Indianapolis for several weeks, has improved sufficiently to allow him to be brought to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Rudisill, in this city. Mr. Rudisill was brought home today, arriving here at near noon on the Vandalia.

The self registering thermometer at E. Shipley's Jewelry store recorded that the mercury fell to 18 degrees above zero sometime during Sunday night. The thermometer does not register at what time the mercury was at its lowest point but several people who pretend to be posted, say that it must have been about four o'clock that the lowest point was reached.

H. A. Sherrill, of Cloverdale, was in this city today.

Mrs. Ives, who was a guest of Prof. and Mrs. F. C. Tilden, has returned to her home at Delphi, Ind.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Throop and daughter spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Carbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith attended a party at Clayton Saturday night and spent Sunday there the guests of friends.

The one-story frame residence of Thomas Wilson, who lives in the Happy Hollow neighborhood in Madison township, was burned to the ground last week. The cause of the conflagration is not known.

T. M. Pierson and wife, of Central Square, N. Y., came Saturday afternoon for a short visit with the former's sister, Mrs. J. C. Knight. Mr. Pierson is first vice president of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, with headquarters in New York City.

Bloomington World: The Steeg restaurant at Limesdale, formerly one of the most important on the Monon Railroad, has been bought by George Alexander of this city who will open for business there next week.

Crawfordsville Journal: Miss Mary Houlehan went to Greencastle Friday afternoon to remain until Monday with her sister, Miss Ruth Houlehan, who is attending DePauw University.

Old Gold Day was observed at DePauw today. Miss Haulehan was entertained at the Alpha Phi Sorority house.

Martinsville Reporter: Don Dickerson, of Roachdale, motored to this city Friday and spent the day with his sister, Mrs. I. H. Sadler, and family. Mrs. Sadler accompanied him to his home Friday afternoon and Mr. Sadler will spend Sunday with them in Roachdale.

While returning from Stilesville in his machine Sunday evening, Ivan Ruark, who resides on east Washington street, met with an accident, when his car collided with an Indianapolis owned car. The accident occurred about 9 miles east of town. Mr. Ruark had gone to Stilesville to get his wife and children, who had been visiting there for a week, and was on his way home. A Ford car driven by an Indianapolis man was headed east. The Indianapolis car got into some ruts in some new stone just as the cars were about to pass and could not get out. Mr. Ruark pulled to the side as far as he could without turning over his car, but could not clear the Ford car. As the result the cars met head on. An axle of the Ruark car was slightly bent in the accident. The other car was badly damaged. Mr. Ruark, however, was able to drive his car on home.

Favorite Cough Medicine.

There are good reasons why Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is preferred to any other by many mothers of young children. Read what one of them says about it: "Last winter my daughter had an attack of croup and I gave her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It relieved her at once. My experience and that of my friends is that this medicine will do all that is claimed for it," writes Mrs. W. H. Wood, Lima, Ohio. Obtainable everywhere.

E. B. Hume, of Plainfield, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kelly and family in this city today.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Torr visited Mr. and Mrs. James A. Curtis, in Putnamville Sunday.

Elbert Allen, of Bainbridge, spent Sunday with friends and relatives in this city.

Howard McClure, of Elwood, is visiting his sister, Miss Edna McClure, who is attending DePauw university.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Curtis, of this city, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dilling, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Curtis in Putnamville.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Shook and children, of Lafayette, motored to Greencastle Saturday and were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. J. V. Masters over Sunday. Mr. Shook is principal of the Jefferson high school in Lafayette.

The Greencastle high school freshmen had their freshman class party at the high school building Friday night. More than fifty freshmen and several of the high school teachers were present. After a program of musical numbers and readings, games were played and a fine time was enjoyed. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

The Rev. E. G. Shouse and Allen Moore left this afternoon for Philadelphia. They will spend the next few weeks in the East looking after the interests of the chautauqua company with which they are connected. In Philadelphia they will be the guest of Dwight Shouse, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Shouse, who is making his headquarters in that city.

The city and county teachers had a successful meeting at the third ward school building Saturday morning. The city teachers met at the public library at 8:30 in the morning and discussed the local problems and later joined the county teachers at the third ward school building. Miss Florer gave a model lesson in story telling which was very benefitting to those present. In the afternoon the teachers held a meeting at the court house where Dr. W. W. Sweet gave a lecture on United States History.

For Men Only

Razors
Safety Razors
Safety Razor Blades
Razor Strops
Shaving Brushes
Shaving Mugs
Shaving Soap
Shaving Sticks
Shaving Powder
Shaving Glasses
After shaving, use Rose Toilet Cream. 'Tis first class, will prevent the face chapping.

Jones, Stevens Co.

'The Diamond From the Sky'

Mrs. Bert Sandy, of Cloverdale, spent today in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bachelder and H. K. Bachelder, of Indianapolis, visited in Greencastle over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Albin, who reside just east of this city, are the parents of a daughter born Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams, of Lebanon, visited Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Hawkins, Sunday.

Elder C. L. Airhart has returned from Mill Creek township where he conducted services Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hetzer, of Catawact, have returned to their home after visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Epperson for a few days.

The Theta Alumnae Club will meet tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. M. McGaughey on east Seminary street.

Mr. J. Ed Rogers, of Newcastle, was a visitor in Greencastle over Sunday. He has a son, Donald, who is a sophomore in DePauw.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of College avenue church will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Blanchard, at her home on south College avenue.

Miss Roxie Mason has returned from Terre Haute where she visited her sister, Miss Pearl Mason, who is attending Indiana State Normal school.

The Domestic Science Club will meet at the home of Mrs. James Bryan on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The program will be of usual interest.

The Luetke Bakery has just completed installing a new five-barrel dough mixer. A new addition is being put to the bakery so that delivery wagons may be loaded without exposure to weather.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. House have returned to their home in Vincennes after having spent the week-end with Greencastle friends and attending the exercises in connection with Old Gold Day. They have two children, James M., Jr. and Miss Ruth, who are now students in DePauw. Mr. House formerly attended DePauw and later was a member of the faculty of the local high school. He is now mayor of Vincennes.

John H. James received a telegram this morning telling him of the critical illness of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie James Pellicer, in Dallas, Texas. Mrs. Pellicer became ill about a week ago of neuralgia in a most severe form. Mr. James wired her husband this morning to ascertain the condition of his daughter, and should her condition be critical, he probably will leave tonight for Dallas.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Citizens Trust Co., to Arthur Plummer, land in Marion township ----- \$ 200
Chancey R. Knight and wife to Charles A. Knight and wife, land in Washington township ----- 1

AMUSEMENTS.

'Adelaide.'

Seventeen years ago David Bispham played the part of Beethoven in a one-act play called "Adelaide." The excellence of his performance led a number of critics to comment on the fact that a capable singer occasionally made a capable actor. This fall Mr. Bispham revived his play. He is no longer a great singer; but by virtue of this misfortune he is an even more capable actor. His audiences cannot help feeling that there is a certain identity between the deaf Beethoven and the Bispham whose voice has failed him. His very infirmity adds power to his acting. One feels the force of truth when the supposed Beethoven says, "Fame is a beggar's cloak for crows to snap at, so long as its wearer is living; but when he is dead, the cloak is turned into deathless marble."

No glaring electric signs heralded

David Bispham
Opera House
TOMORROW NIGHT

Beethoven's return to Broadway. The play has none of the sine qua nons of a New York success. No one is being hounded by the arm of the law. There are no trench scenes nor panoramas of the New York skyline by midnight. There isn't even a chorus—although the subject lends itself naturally to musical comedy treatment; Beethoven—in his garret—in Vienna—a troupe of art students—"The Beethoven Glide"—and all that. Small wonder that the play should slip quietly into New York as a purely matinee feature—on the order of Mrs. Whitney's Fashion Show. But it is such theatrical sidishows that often give us our most interesting drama. "Adelaide" is not a play of thrills; but it is a pleasing and unusual treatment of the genius. It is difficult to put such a man as Beethoven on the stage without vulgarizing him and wounding those who love him. "Adelaide" is a sincere and satisfying half hour in the life of a great man.

The play has been translated and adapted from the German of Hugo Miller. It opens with a dialogue between Beethoven's landlord and his washwoman. They comment on the composer's loss of geniality and his increasing harshness and suspicion, not realizing that it is his deafness which has caused the change. Then Beethoven comes in, humming his latest melody. The washwoman and the landlord nag him: one wants her bill paid, the other objects to the composer's influence over his daughter. Beethoven cannot hear them; so he keeps talking about his music, and jealously conceals the secret of his deafness. At last, after their yelping has irritated him beyond suffering, he drives them from him in anger.

At this point the landlord's daughter, Clara, comes in. She is the only person who understands the man's genius. Moreover, she is the only one who knows the secret of his deafness. Clara is in love with Franz, a young musician who helps the composer with his copying. Beethoven reads her lips, as she tells him of their love. He will not understand, she says, for he has never been in love. Beethoven breaks out into a scornful laugh. Love? He does not understand love? "Love is the passion of the siren which passes over the meadows, searing the blossoms and leaving only the charred stems." He tells her of Adelaide, a young girl whom he had loved, many years before, but whom he was too poor to marry. He will not let Clara suffer the same tragedy now. He is poor—"though he has written as many notes as there are stars in the heavens, he could not buy his own coffin;" but he will write a symphony, and give its revenue to the young lovers.

He leaves the room, humming the first movement of this new undertaking. Then Franz comes in. He has brought a copy of Beethoven's new song, "Adelaide," and he sings it to Clara. As he sings a beautiful woman comes to the door and listens. She insists upon seeing the composer. Beethoven, angry at the interruption, does not look at her, but asks her gruffly whether it is an autograph, a sonata, or a lock of his hair that she desires. He cannot hear voice, and she thinks he has forgotten her. Then, accidentally, he turns and recognizes his visitor. "Adelaide," he cries. She tells him how she has always loved him, and how she is now free to marry him. But Beethoven cannot hear her, and she thinks he has ceased to care. Suddenly he seizes her in his arms, and tells her the secret that he is keeping from the world, lest he be twitted and jeered at as "the deaf musician." But he sees the soul of love, as well as the soul of music. It would be madness for them to live together—to know that she was speaking words of love that he could never hear—so he sends her away, and sits down, deaf and alone, to play the strains of "Adelaide." It is not the course that you and I would have taken. But then, as the landlord puts it, "what can you expect of a man who wraps up a pound of butter in his newest symphony?"

Mr. Bispham acts the part of Beethoven with a breadth and sincerity that fully justify the revival. And if there were more revivals there would be more variety and better standards on our stage.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Mrs. Morinda E. Hapner, of Greencastle, and William H. Guthridge, of Greencastle.

David Bispham
Opera House
TOMORROW NIGHT

We're Auto Doctors

We operate skillfully and quickly and make your car as good as new, and our bill won't stagger you. Many others engage us. Do you?

Agent for the BUICK Car.

THE GREENCASTLE GARAGE

SAVE \$ \$

—On Your Winter's Fuel Buy—

Genuine Gas Coke

All Heat With Very Little Ash and no Soot.
REDUCED NOW TO \$4.25 PER TON. TELEPHONE 117.

GREENCASTLE GAS CO.

AT ZEIS'

New Dates, Figs and Raisins, New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel, New Currents, Nuts and Candied Cherries, New Mince Meat, Fruit Cake and Plum Pudding.

ZEIS & COMPANY

PHONE 67.

KNOW YOUR FLOUR
WHITE LILY and IMPERIAL

Brands. Made in Greencastle from selected Putnam County wheat. None better, few as good. Specify them in your next order.

HARRIS MILLING CO.

Place Your Orders Early
If you want Turkey for Thanksgiving

E. A. BROWNING'S Grocery. Phone 24
Corner Washington and Vine Sts.

California Raisin Bread



We Bake It!
Try a Loaf!

Try this NEW raisin bread, baked after a famous prize recipe. We are making it fresh today.

KIEFER'S BAKERY OTIS BROWNING SELLS IT
—FIVE CENTS A LOAF—

The marriage of Mrs. Morinda E. Hapner, 47 years of age, and William H. Guthridge, 50 years of age, occurred late Saturday evening in the office of Justice of Peace Frank. Squire Phillip Frank performed the ceremony. Both reside in the north part of this city. Mr. Guthridge is employed on the section gang on the Monon railroad. Denver Heustis went to Indianapolis today.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE CHEAP—New 1916 Overland touring car. Knoll & Wright.

LOST—Masonic watch charm. Owner's name on inside. Finder return to Herald office and receive reward.

More Money and Less Labor
For the person who has milkersandsells the product

If you sell your cream to us you realize as great a profit (possibly greater) than if you go to a lot of trouble and churn it and sell the butter. We think that if you will sell us your cream one time you will agree with us.

When you sell us your cream it is tested and the money paid on delivery. All your worries and troubles are over as far as the cream and butter business is concerned.

Patrons who are too far away to deliver their cream send it by express. If you will drop us a postal we will explain how easily and cheaply this can be done.

We have bought lots of cream since we opened on October 23, but we can handle more. Bring in your cream. Our price will always be right. Our motto is live and let live.

NANCE'S CREAMERY NORTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE
(OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.)